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I Also am a Christian.

In one of his sermons the late Dr. Talmage said:

'A great many years ago a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will crown you. I will make your name famous through all the world, if you only will build me a grand Coliseum."

'The work was done.

'The Emperor said, "Now we will crown that architect."

'The Coliseum was crowded with a great multitude. The Emperor was there and the Greek architect who was to be crowned for putting up the building. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and from the doors underneath were let out the hungry lions.

'The Emperor rose amid the shouts of the people and said: "The Coliseum is built, and we have come to celebrate its opening to-day by putting to death Christians by the mouths of these lions, and also to honor the architect who has constructed this wonderful building. The time has come for me to honor him, and we further celebrate his triumph by slaying these Christians."

'Whereupon the Greek architect sprang to his feet and said:

"I also am a Christian!"

'And they flung him to the wild beasts, and his body, bleeding, torn, and dead, was tumbled into the dust of the amphitheatre.'

As I was reminded of this story the pathos and the wrong of it made my heart beat quicker. I was aglow with a great indignation.

Very likely many of us would to-day shrink from a testimony like that. And not everyone is called upon to give up his life in that way for the Gospel.

But we are all under an obligation to declare—if we are Christ's disciples—by a pure, quiet holy life, 'I also am a Christian.'

'THE CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS!'

Perhaps, too, it is a harder thing every day, year in and year out, to witness steadily for Christ than in one act, like the Greek architect, to acknowledge faith in Jesus.

To live for Truth, and for Truth's sake and the Gospel's, is our duty so long as we are spared.

In the discharge of life's duties we may so spend our years as to make the epitaph a true one for ourselves that was found upon a lady's grave, whose only legacy was her 'character':

'The words Affection graves beneath this stone
Are few and simple, "While she lived, SHE SHONE."'

'A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

(Henry W. Clark, in the 'Examiner.')

Mrs. Merton was a lady whose hands dispensed large and frequented charity, but whose heart seemed able to hold itself strangely aloof from all the charitable movements which those same hands performed.

Little Millie, Mrs. Merton's ten-year-old daughter, took a continual and grave interest in her mother's philanthropy, occasionally accompanying that lady on those visits to the poor whereof a certain number were each week recorded in Mrs. Merton's diary. But the little girl always felt, when she walked homeward at her mother's side, as if something had been lacking to the completeness of the hour's experience—not, of course, that she would have employed any such phrase to describe her mood, but that in a correct translation it is thus her mood would have read.

One Monday morning Mrs. Merton, with Millie for attendant, paid a visit to a certain Mrs. Ross, the constant drunkenness of whose husband made her a fit object of any charitable lady's care, and, moreover, a personage of some importance—as Mrs. Ross herself dimly realized. This particular Monday had, as it chanced, been preceded by a Sunday on which Millie, sitting in Church, had done her best to comprehend a sermon concerning the duty which everyone owed to his neighbor and the obligation resting on all to fulfil some beneficial mission in life. Half-understood phrases from the sermon were floating through Millie's mind as she and her mother took their way toward the unsavory tenement inhabited by Dick Ross and his wife; the child vaguely asked herself whether such a visit as this might answer to the 'mission' of which the preacher had spoken, and what she ought to do to make the correspondence real. And would not her mother—perhaps—probably—surely—say and do something in that squalid room to-day that had not been said and done on any visit before?

Usually, when Mrs. Merton visited the abode of Dick Ross, the owner himself was absent, engaged either at some exceptional spell of honest labor or in one of the orgies which constituted the staple occupation of his days. To-day, however, happened to be devoted to recovery from the evil effects of one of Ross's drinking bouts, and the patient was sitting over the fire, moderately convalescent, but not yet restored, when the two visitors came in. He had no objection whatever to his wife's receipt of help from Mrs. Merton's resources; anything like shame had long since given up the attempt to obtain a hold upon his nature; and he maintained, under Mrs. Merton's austere rebukes and under his wife's ready seconding of them, an attitude which hung halfway between sullenness and contempt, and which gave no sign that any process of repentence had begun.

'I am truly sorry for you, Mrs. Ross,' said Mrs. Merton, finding it at length less humiliating to address her remarks thus circuitously at the delinquent than to direct them immediately to the unresponsive figure at the fireside. 'It is really very hard for you to have such a husband as yours.'

But not even the sternness of judgment which the speaker contrived to convey in the quoted words, nor the look of magnificent reproof which accompanied it (this latter failing for the sufficient reason that Dick Ross did not see it) moved the culprit to reply.

'Eh! it's hard enough, ma'am. You're right there,' said Mrs. Ross. 'Not a penny has he brought me this fortnight past, and me slaving night and day. Sometimes I wish I'd never set eyes on him.'

'I can quite understand that,' rejoined the judge. 'Still, it's your duty—it's the duty of us all, you know—to try and reclaim him. Not that I suppose it's much good,' she added, with a sudden lapse from judicial dignity into temper.

Millie fidgeted in her chair.

'Good!' ejaculated Mrs. Ross, causing her gaze to move between Mrs. Merton and Dick's impressive figure, in rhythmic correspondence with the movement of her tongue. 'He'll never be different, ma'am, you be sure. He's settled down to this—that's what he is. He

don't care to be any different—he don't. I always tell him so.'

Millie fidgeted again. There was something she wanted to say—if she could only find out what it was.

'A good thing for you two I ain't different,' came from the fireside figure. 'I'm something for you to talk about, anyway. And it gives you a chance of showing how good you are, ma'am, you know.'

Something like a chuckle accompanied Dick's return to the contemplation of the fire.

'Shocking!' said Mrs. Merton severely. Then, feeling that the interview had reached its natural term, and that any prolongation of it would only serve to impair its effect, she rose to go. 'I shall come and see you again soon, Mrs. Ross,' she observed. 'Perhaps I shall find you alone next time.'

Dick Ross did not appear to feel the striking of the shaft against his armor, but Millie looked troubled. She took a step towards the fireplace, but, remembering her mother, drew back.

'I'd rather you found me alone, ma'am,' rejoined Mrs. Ross, in a tone of voice quite unnecessarily loud if its object were to reach only Mrs. Merton's ears. But that lady, with Mrs. Ross for escort, was now descending the stairs; and perhaps the words were destined to travel back into the room where Dick remained. 'I'd always rather be alone, I can tell you. He's no company, and never will be.'

And again little Millie had a sense of trouble which ended through the homeward walk—and after.

But Mrs. Merton felt entirely content as she entered that visit in her book of good deeds.

In the afternoon, without any distinct purpose in regard to what she meant to do when her destination should be reached, Millie found herself making her way back to the poor house at which her mother and she had made their morning call. The wife was out, and the man unchanged from his morning's position or mood. The sound of Millie's entrance drew his eyes to the door, and, although the eyes showed no encouragement of further proceedings, they were too dull to show hostility—whereat Millie began to take heart. She was about to step forward, when Dick observed gruffly but not angrily,

'Well, missie?'

Millie checked at the words. Then, imperious necessity constraining her to say something, she ventured timidly, but without making any advance:

'I've come back.'

It sounded rather silly she fancied, as soon as the words had started towards Dick.

'So I see.'

The subsequent pause gave opportunity for a mutual gaze. Since Dick Ross showed no sign of becoming wroth Millie presently ventured again.

'I suppose you're a very bad man, aren't you?' she remarked hesitatingly.

'H'm—I s'pose I am. They all say so, anyway.'

Followed another pause, which Millie ended with the remark:

'Well, but why don't you be good?'

'Didn't you hear what your mother said this morning?' Dick answered, with a touch of asperity. 'She's made up her mind pretty straight that I ain't going to be any different. And she'—with a jerk of the head towards the door—'says the same thing. Why should I disappoint 'em?'

It was a difficult question for Millie, wherefore she proceeded to assist the process of thought by drawing up one foot and balancing herself on the other.

'When I've done anything wrong—' she began.

'You just go and tell your mother, and it's all right, I expect. That's different, you see.'

'Well—yes—at least—I tell father I'm sorry, generally,' corrected Millie's desire for accuracy.

'Ah! you see I ain't got one. I've only got her to tell'—with a second jerk of the head toward the door—'and she'd only say she knows all about it already.'

'Oh! but you have,' answered Millie, feeling that the ground had suddenly become solid beneath her feet, and that she could therefore go forward bravely. 'There's God, you know—you've forgotten.'

'God!' laughed Dick. 'I don't fancy He'd own me for a son, missie.'

'I'm quite sure He would—quite sure,' rejoined Millie, earnestly and hastily, correcting the astounding heresy into which the other had fallen. She had not supposed that such ideas existed anywhere in the world. 'And He'd help you to be better, too.'

Dick Ross stared into the fire. He suddenly felt, as Millie set her thought before him, that an old friend, whom he had not seen for years and whom he had well-nigh forgotten, was looking him in the face.

'P'raps He might think there was still a chance for me,' he muttered, to himself rather than to the little girl.' 'I don't know, I'm sure.'

'Of course He would,' came the confident theologian's reply. Waiting a little while, Millie added wistfully, 'Won't you see what He says, Mr. Ross?'

Dick turned towards her, pondering.

'P'raps I will,' he answered slowly. I won't promise—but p'raps I will. And I thank you, missie.'

To depart seemed now the proper course, and she moved slowly to the door.

'Well, I must go,' she said. 'Goodbye, Mr. Ross.'

'Good-bye, missie,' Ross replied in a voice no one had heard for many a day. 'And I'll be glad if you'll come again."

This made Millie's heart rejoice, so that there was a smile on her face as, emerging from the room, she found herself face to face with the returning Mrs. Ross. And the recollection of Dick's final words saved her from feeling disconcerted at Mrs. Ross's surprised stare..

'I just wanted to say something to Mr. Ross,' Millie explained lightly; 'so of course I had to come back. You don't mind, do you?'

'I don't mind, miss, if you wanted to come. But I'm sure I don't know what you could wish to say to the likes of him.'

'Oh! I wanted to tell him that I was sure God would help him to be good. I didn't like—this morning—you know——' then embarrassment rose to flood, and Millie came to an abrupt halt.

Mrs. Ross smiled with something of grimness.

'I've given up troubling about it, miss. And I just let him be. Mornings I open my eyes, and nights I shut 'em, and I just let him be.'

Millie's imperfectly controlled fancy instituted a parallel immediately.

'That's just like my big dolly,' she exclaimed incautiously. 'She opens and shuts her eyes, but you can't get anything else out of her!'

Here Millie came suddenly back to the realities of the situation, and, fearing that she had been rude, hastened to make amends. 'But you're not really like my dolly, you know. I didn't mean that, of course. So that——'

'So that I oughtn't to leave my husband to himself,' Mrs. Ross finished for her. 'Well, p'rap's not.'

'Well, he might be better if you didn't,' Millie hazarded. She was quite willing to adopt the idea with which Mrs. Ross had credited her, although it had taken her by surprise. It seemed somehow to take the impropriety from that sentence about the doll. 'Don't you think he might?'

'I'm sure I can't tell.' Mrs. Ross's voice sank low as she spoke, and the movement of her hands betrayed something of inward unrest. 'I'm sure I can't tell, miss,' she repeated. Somehow it haunted her to think that she had been living after the manner of Millie's big doll.

'Good-bye,' said Millie, quickly, after a moment's survey of the other's face.

She made full confession in response to the inquiries of her parents, but showed no regret, although her mother called by the name of naughtiness what Millie herself felt to have been distinctly good.

'You see, after Church yesterday—' she commenced in her own defence. But the child's mind realized that these grown people could not be made to see any connection between the sermon of yesterday and her escapade of to-day. She tried another tack.

'I fancy you'd forgotten something when you were talking to Mr. Ross this morning, mother, you know. So I thought I'd——'

But again the waters were too deep, and Millie gave up the effort to make her hearers understand.

Mrs. Merton sat with a touch of new thoughtfulness upon her. And Mr. Merton, who was not so far from comprehension as Millie supposed, looked with a curious smile at his wife. Then, with a smile of a different order, he dropped his glance upon the eyes of his little girl.

'So you thought you'd go and say it for your mother, did you, my dear?' he said. 'Well, you gave us a bit of a fright, you know. But you're a good little girl, all the same.'

From which rather inconsistent utterance Millie extracted the good and cast the bad away, and so rested content.

Mrs. Ross had entered her room, after Millie's departure, and, going up to her husband, had laid her hand on his. He looked on the hand with surprise—then put his own other hand upon the one his wife had given. There had been no such contact between them for long.

'Dick, won't you have another try?'

He waited a moment. Then he said, with an assumption of lightness which betrayed itself for the assumption it was, 'P'raps I will. I'm not sure that it wouldn't be some good, after all. And if God helps, then——'.

Natures are not changed at once, even under the magic of an angel in the guise of a little child. But three natures were never quite the same when that afternoon had passed. For such things as these, thrown into the history of a soul, are like bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days.

What the Father Liked.

The Cincinnati 'Enquirer' relates this incident in the life of Bishop William Burt:

A preacher complimented Dr. Burt one day on his good disposition.

'You never growl about anything,' he said. 'No matter what kind of a meal is set before you, you eat it cheerfully. If you are feeling poorly you conceal it. How do you manage to acquire such a fine habit of good-humored tolerance and resignation?'

'Maybe the remark of a child I once overheard helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible,' said Dr. Burt. 'While I was studying at Wilbraham Academy I spent a few days with this child's father, a good man but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night, when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what each member of the household liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described as to his favorite dish.

'"And what do I like, Nancy?" he said laughingly.

'"You," said the little girl, slowly—"well, you like most anything we haven't got."'

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See the coupon on another page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued

Without waiting to see how Rodney relished this plan of campaign, Rasmus leaped the fence, rope in hand, and crawled off in shadow of the well. Rodney had not much physical courage, and little muscularity; but Rasmus had challenged him to share in a bold act, and he felt as if he would rather die than show the white feather. He set his teeth, grew pale, fixed his eye on the clock, and at the appointed second marched boldly up the hill, carrying the rescued pail, and whistling—with a little quiver, 'My Grandfather's Clock.' Mr. Llewellyn took the school-poker, clambered over the wall, and kept even and hidden pace with Rodney, to defend him if Rasmus failed, or aid Rasmus if the maniac proved too much for him. As soon as the whistle of Rodney broke the air, the crazy man peered round the well. Seeing so bold a boy, he enraged himself, and leaping to his feet, like a lion in the spring, he roared to his prey, and brought down his club on the well till splinters flew from the curb. Rodney whistled gallantly, and kept on, quaking inwardly.

'You're dead, I'll bake you and eat you!' howled the maniac. Then he took the club in both uplifted hands and ran at Rodney.

CHAPTER VII.

Hard Cider.

'Should appetite her wish achieve,
To herd with brutes her joy would bound;
Pleased other paradise to leave,
Content to pasture on the ground.'

Rodney gave himself up for dead when he saw his enemy coming upon him in this outrageous fashion. He vaguely recalled that he had heard that when people were struck a heavy blow, they instantaneously felt the air filled with red flames, saw a rain of stars as if the firmament had fallen, and knew nothing more. He hoped his sufferings would be short, and was quite unconscious that he marched up the hill, still whistling, 'My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf' in a fashion that made the heart of Rasmus glad, and caused the children at the school-house to think him the bravest boy they had ever heard of. Then a coil of rope crossed the line of his vision; he saw the maniac caught by the descending loop, which tightened over his arms, and pinioned them to his side; then he fell backward to the ground, and his club flew away, while a mighty play of his slippered feet, kept time to a mighty bellowing from his throat. Mr. Llewellyn came over the wall. Rodney recovered himself, and Rasmus, stepping near his captive, remarked cheerfully:

'We've got the wust of you this time, old man—better give in.'

Then the house door opened, and out ran an elderly woman, who looked as if she had had life-long fellowship with sorrow, and after her, three young women.

'I hope he isn't hurt!' cried the woman.

'How lucky you came along,' said one of the girls.

'O, indeed, we were in a terrible way,' said another.

'He broke his cage,' added a third.

Rasmus cut off a length of rope, and suddenly seating himself across his captive's legs, was able to tie his feet.

'Now, let's look at that there cage—he's safe,' he cried.

They all adjourned to the kitchen, a large, bright room. In one corner, an iron cage of eight by eight feet was fastened to the wall. A canvas bed, with a nice blanket, was swung across one end, and two large hassocks for seats were provided. The man had succeeded in getting one hinge of the door loose, and so had twisted himself out. Mr. Llewellyn said it could be repaired easily with two or three strong screws, which one of the young women went to the barn to seek.

'O, isn't it a dreadful place to put the father of a family!' cried the woman, seating herself in a rocking-chair, and swaying to and fro, crying, with her apron over her head.

'Why not put so dangerous a man in an insane asylum?' asked Mr. Llewellyn.

'I couldn't find it in my heart to do it,' said the poor creature. 'Such a proper figure of a man as he was, when we were married! Once love, always love, with me. I cling to him still, such a wreck as he is! And then, he saw this was coming on him, long ago, and he made me promise I'd never put him an asylum. Besides, he is very wicked to take care of, and I know they wouldn't have patience with him—on one could; they'd knock him about, maybe nearly kill him. I shouldn't have peace day nor night, fearing he was suffering.'

The younger women looked as if they could have stood almost anything, rather than the deplorable way affairs were going.

'You're laying out a murder, missis, I'm afraid,' said Rasmus.

'It may be; I don't know, indeed!' cried the unhappy wife, with a burst of grief; 'but he don't often get out. If one of the men had been home to-day, we could have stopped it; but all seemed pretty safe, and they had to be away.'

'The door is all safe again,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'but if you will keep him in there, I think you should have a staple in the wall, and a strong girdle about him, so he cannot get out far if he breaks his cage. It could be so long as not to interfere with his moving as he liked inside. I can tell you where to get a rubber band that would be just the thing. He could not part it, and it would not hurt him.'

'Then I wish you would, and I'll send for it at once,' said the eldest daughter, 'and I'll have the smith come and set the staple; for such days as this will be the death of all of us.'

Rasmus and Mr. Llewellyn went after the maniac. All was quiet at the school-house. The teacher had gathered in her pupils, and was making up for lost time.

The herculean prisoner was led in, taking short steps because of his fettered feet. Rasmus put him in the cage, and locked him in; then he reached through the bars and untied his feet, and then took the rope from his arms.

'Don't leave him any rope!' cried the woman, 'or he will hang himself!'

The first use the prisoner made of his partial freedom, was to go to his basket of comestibles, and deliberately fire the several dainties at the heads of his enemies assembled in the room. After this dispersion of benefits, he tried to break down his cot by bouncing upon it. As he failed in that undertaking, he sat upon the cot, looked steadfastly at the floor, and repeated in a rapid tone:

'Am I Ammi, or am I not Ammi? Some say I am Ammi, some say I am not Ammi. I say I am not Ammi; but if I am not Ammi, who the nation am I?'

This formula he repeated again and again, with ever-increasing rapidity, until it seemed as if his tongue must fly out of his head.

'I guess we'd better be moving along,' said Rasmus.

'Please do not,' said the mother. 'Our men will not be home till dark, and I feel too shaken up to be left alone. We have plenty of room, and we'd take it a favor if you'd stop till after breakfast. I see, sir, from your nets and box, you are a scientific gentleman, travelling, and it cannot be an object for you to hurry along.'

'I am in no hurry,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'and I dare say the lad is tired.'

'Such a pretty lad as he is, and so brave,' said the woman.

Rodney had never been called brave before, and he grew red with joy—to be brave was his ideal.

'Then I'll go down to the school-h'us, and get our bags,' said Rasmus, 'and tell the school-ma'am all is right.'

Jane, the school-ma'am, came back and helped her mother get tea; and a boy bringing up the cows, Lucy and Delia went out to look after them, and the fowls, as the men were away. Rasmus, however, had an eye to these congenial cares. He had not forgotten his farm-life; he begged as a great privilege to be allowed to feed and water the stock, and do most of the milking, while Rodney and Lucy fed the fowls, and collected eggs.

The unhappy Ami had fallen asleep from exhaustion. His wife, by means of a long iron rod, skilfully covered him with a blanket, explaining that they were chary of going into the cage, as he sometimes pretended to be asleep, and was yet wide awake, and ready for a spring. The men went into the cage together when needful, one defending the other. A lamp screwed on the opposite wall gave him light all night; the wife reached through the bars a napkin, on which she laid eggs, apples, and bread and butter, and a rubber bottle of milk was hung on a small hook. Thus the prisoner would have all the ameliorations that could be afforded his miserable existence. The family had a very nice supper, and the three guests were shown early to a double-bedded room.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, the three set off again, and now Rodney found himself more rested and fresher for the road; his feet were becoming accustomed to constant walking, and his legs seemed limber, and the proper size. Lucy had put up a nice lunch, as much as would do for dinner and supper for them all; the weather was increasingly fine, and their spirits rose as they left the home of so much sorrow behind them.

'Do you believe that's true?' asked Rodney of Mr. Llewellyn, referring to the story of the house they had left.

'Undoubtedly. I knew of a case in Connecticut where six brothers, hearty men, got infatuated with cider-drinking, so they would touch no other drink. They put a great number of barrels of the liquor in their cellar, and used it, very hard. In less than three years they had all died horrible deaths from the use of cider.'

'Well, it beats me why folks will do like that,' said Rasmus. 'Why would he take to cider, when he had such tip-top water as comes out of that well, and such quarts of rich milk as them handsome cows give, and such a cup of tea or coffee as them women know how to make! Land, what fools we mortals be! The things people put into their mouths do beat my time!'

'I notice one thing about you, Rasmus, quite remarkable in a man living as you do—you use no tobacco.'

'No, professor, I don't. My little chap had a dreadful delicate nose, he couldn't abide the smell of a man as chewed; he'd grow sick and whimper pitiful, at smell of a plug, and so of course I wasn't going to have that between him and me, and him such a pretty little fellow, with that misfortune in his back.'

Rasmus furtively drew his hand over his eyes, and remarked 'the sun was dreadful dazzling.'

'I wonder if my little lad is dead? It would be better than some kinds of living,' said he wistfully.

'No, I know he is alive, and you'll find him,' said Rodney.

'Once I made sure he was dead—out in Ohio. I'll tell you about it. It was about six years ago. I thought I had got on the track of the people that 'dopted Robin, and I heard that at this Ohio farm there was a little boy with a crooked back, that had been 'dopted. Well, I got there, and inquirin' round for the farm, in the neighborhood, some said they'd heard the child was dead. Well, I hurried along, and I struck the house, the time of the funeral. The people was standing around and the hearse was at the gate, and the preachin' was going on. Well, I made such a stir outside, among the folks, that they sent for the man of the house, and he said the little lad's name wasn't Robin, but James. I knowed it wasn't much trouble to change a name, so I wouldn't take no for an answer, wanting to see the coffin opened. I don't know how it would have turned out, only the preacher, a young man, he come out to me. Well, I told him how for four years I'd gone up and down the country looking for my lit-

tle brother. He 'lowed he didn't believe it was my brother, but he said I ought to be satisfied about it, and my lot was hard to bear. So he spoke to the rest of them, and they agreed, and they set the coffin down on the door-step—and a nice coffin it was, too—and they unscrewed the lid. But it was not my Robin; a little lad with straight black hair, not so pretty as Robin, but very peaceful he looked, lying in the box with a rose in his hand. So I thanked 'em for their trouble, and I walked behind the fun'ral to the buryin'-ground for Robin's sake. The hired man of the farm walked with me, and he 'lowed they'd been very good to the little boy; he said the missis took him 'cause he wouldn't be likely to do for hisself, and most folks would choose strong children, not weakly ones. It went to my heart dreadful when I caught up to that fun'ral, making sure I was on Robin's track at last; and then I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry it wasn't him—glad he'd been left alive for me to hunt for, or sorry as it wasn't him that had been well took care of, and got safe out of this world. I tell you, pardners all, it's a very hard thing to be satisfied, or know what you do want in this world.'

They entered a charming piece of woodland, and sat down for their noon meal and rest. Rasmus had brought a bottle from the farm, and went to a brook for water. He came back with his hands filled with cress and wild onions and leeks to add to their repast.

'I must not reject garlic,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'as it is the badge of Wales, the country of my ancestors.'

'Why didn't you get a nicer plant for a badge?' asked Rodney.

'I do not know, nor do I know why the garlic or onion was chosen. There are many tales imagined to account for it, and probably none of them are correct.'

(To be continued.)

The Human Clock.

(Chas. Frederick Goss, D.D., in 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

One day an old Kentucky clock tinker leaned his head back against a shelf to take a minute's rest and fell asleep. His tools lay idly on his table. A fly lit now and then on his nose and made it twitch. He breathed as steadily though not so rapidly, as the clocks on his shelves ticked and ticked and ticked.

Now and then one of them struck—as much as to say: 'Wake up, old man; or you will never earn bread for your children sleeping like that.' But nothing disturbed the old clock mender.

A tall mountaineer entered the store. His step was heavy, but he did not waken the sleeper.

'Bud,' he said in a slow, sleepy voice.

The clock tinker woke, but not with a start. No village merchant in Kentucky ever woke with a start!.

'Eh,' he murmured.

'This yere clock is broke. Kin you mend it?' asked the countryman.

He laid two hands down on the counter.

'Them's the hands. Where's the clock?'

'There's ain't nothin' the matter with the clock! The hands go wrong. The trouble is with them. I left the clock to home.'

'Go back and get it,' said the clock tinker.

Now, this foolish idea of that mountain man was exactly like a notion of little Bill's! Coming out of the pantry one day, with his hands all covered with jelly he said to his mother, 'I didn't do it! My tongue felt all kind of hungry-like; my legs sort of climbed onto a chair, and my hands just opened that jelly jar and took some out, all of their own selves!'

Listen, little Bill, and you great big, long-legged, stoop-shouldered, old mountaineer who ought to know better—the trouble isn't with the hands; it's with the works; mainspring in your case, old man and with the 'hidden man in your heart,' little Bill?

Man is a human clock and is made to keep God's time. You see what I mean. We are not made to think our own thoughts and to work our own will, but the will of God who made us. In that way we are like all other clocks. You have often been in stores where half a hundred clocks are ticking and striking, each on its own hook. It is one o'clock by these, two by those and four by others. Some say it is six o'clock, and some eight and some ten.

Now, were these clocks made to give time to the sun or to take it?

These clocks, no matter whether made of wood or brass or gold, are made to tick and strike with the sun. All their hurrying and skurrying and ticking and tocking and striking and sounding alarms, if they were not keeping step with the sun, just show that they are no good in the world, and the louder they tick and tock and strike the more harm they do.

It is just the same with the flowers in the field, the birds in the air, the fish in the sea. They are to come and go, to live and die, to labor and rest, in time with nature and her God. The birds must fly South (not North) before the snow falls. Bats and owls must feed at night, and doves and larks by day. Suppose cucumbers should insist on being peaches and horses should determine to sit in the laps of their mistresses like poodle dogs? No, this will never do. There is a great central Mind and Will, and the business of everything is to keep step with it.

It is so with you little folks and with us big ones, too. What right have I to think and act as I please—if I do not think God's thoughts and do God's will. Just as much right as those clocks have to 'go as they please.' How many such foolish human clocks there are! Men and boys, women and girls think it smart to say, 'I've got a right to think as I please.' So have the clocks. And it is as silly in you as in them.

What's the trouble with all those 'smart Alecks' you see smoking cigarettes, swearing, and telling filthy stories? 'We guess we know what to do, as well as God does,' is about what they think. Now, let me tell you that if you do not time your thoughts and acts to the will of God, you are as silly as a clock trying to change the hours by hammering on its bell and screaming that it is light when it is only three o'clock in the morning!

Now comes a second point, the one that I hinted at. The trouble with all poor clocks and bad men, is with the works and not the handle, the inside and not the outside.

The two most important things in a clock are the mainspring and the pendulum. I want to show you that there is a mainspring in you all, and that the worst trouble that can happen to you is to have that wrong.

The mainsprings of life are the desires of the heart. Sometimes we call them appetites or wants. They keep us moving. If we desired nothing you would do nothing. What you want, something in your nature makes you try to get. So, as the mainspring in the clock drives and drives the wheels, these appetites keep driving and driving men. 'I want my dinner; I want a new suit of clothes; I want to go swimming; I want to see Buffalo Bill; I want to be a man.' These are the passions that keep little Bill hustling and tussling while he is a boy, and others come after them to keep him hustling and tussling when a man. Now if he obeys these drivers and they are wrong, everything in the boy's life must be wrong. If little Bill wants to fight and steal and lie and smoke and drink, the whole Bill—body, soul and spirit—will keep time to those wicked appetites.

I want to show you in the second place that there is a pendulum and regulator in you all, to keep your appetites and passions from unwinding too fast and breaking the clock to pieces. It is the slow steady beat of the pendulum, moving a couple of teeth that bite into the cogs of a wheel, that keeps the mainspring from unwinding in a minute. Your pendulum is your conscience. Its steady beats keep you from going too fast or slow.

You have seen your father 'regulate' the clock. There is a little nut on the end of the pendulum that he tightens or loosens to make the beat longer or shorter. And he has to do that for you. Some fathers try to do it with a shingle. It has to be done for you while you are young. We must get you running right. We must time you to the will of God. If we get you started right your conscience will keep you ticking and striking to His holy will. And what in the world would you do without this pendulum of the conscience? What wrecks you would make of yourselves.

It is a good thing to have a smooth dial with plain figures and handsome hand revolving in front of it. But what good would the clock be without the mainspring wheels and pendulum? Was there ever such a dunce as the old Kentuckian who thought there was nothing the matter with the clock, and that the trouble was the hands?

This know about clocks and men—that if the works of the clock or the man are out of order, they ought to be repaired. Repaired? Ah, but can they be repaired? All men agree that there are jewellers who can repair clocks, but how few believe that there is a great Jeweller who can repair men! But I am one who does. I do believe with all my heart that if any of you little children have a bad heart or a weak conscience that you can get them repaired. And the one who can repair them is the one who made you—God. Ask him to help you. Ask him to make you a better boy and girl.

The Two Sides of it.

There was a girl who always said
  Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
  She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
  Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
  She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
  Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
  In every day that came.
Of course, things tangled up sometimes,
  For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
  She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed, and one girl smiled,
  Through all their lives together.
It didn't come from luck or fate,
  From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
  And colored all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
  And so they smiled and sighed.

—'Farming World.'

Judged by His Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About ninety years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, who had an only son, the comfort of his father and a blessing to all who lived on his father's estate.

It so happened once that while this young gentleman was away from home a French gentleman came to the castle on a visit. The talk of this Frenchman concerning God was such that it chilled the old man's blood. The old baron reproved his guest, saying: 'Are you not afraid of offending God, who rules above, by speaking in such a manner?' The Frenchman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him. The baron took no further notice of this answer at the time, but the next morning took him about his castle and profited by the occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The man admired the painting very much and said: 'Whoever painted that picture knows how to use the brush.'

'My son painted that picture,' quietly returned the baron.

'Then your son is a clever artist, indeed,' replied the gentleman.

The baron took his guest into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers and rare plants.

'Who has the ordering of this garden?' asked the visitor.

'My son,' said the baron; 'he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall.'

'Indeed,' replied the Frenchman. 'I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then went with his visitor into the village and showed him a neat little cottage where his son had established a school in which all young children that had lost their parents were received and brought up at his own expense. The children in the home all

looked so happy that the man was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the baron: 'What a happy man you are to have such a son!'

'How do you know that I have such a good son?'

'Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever from all that you have shown me.'

'But you have never seen him?'

'No, but I know him very well, because I judge him by his works.'

'True,' replied the old nobleman, 'and thus you should judge of the character of our heavenly Father. From His works you must see that He is a being of infinite wisdom, power and goodness.'

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof and did not offend the nobleman any more by his remarks.—The 'Herald and Presbyter.'

What Have I Done?

(Frances Levvy, in the 'Band of Mercy.')

Jack was a real good boy and a 'prime favorite with teachers and school-fellows—such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of 'go' in him, never shirking his work. One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when 'w... ..!' came the cane over his back.

'Sir, sir,' stammered Jack, 'What's that for?'

'Nothing in particular, my boy,' said the master with another whack, and yet another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. 'Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong,' said he.

'You've done nothing wrong,' and down came another whack with the cane.

By this time the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came, 'Keep your seats!' and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders. Presently the teacher said pleasantly, 'I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!'

Jack blurted out, 'Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir.'

'Ah! then he was lazy, I suppose, yesterday,' said the Master.

'Not he,' said Jack angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. 'He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district; he never shirks work.'

'So, so,' said the Master. 'Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when slash you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut, but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a willing fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack, eh?'

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy as he was—then he stood up.

'I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. 'I'll beg his pardon when I go home.

'Well done, Jack. Shake hands! Go on with your lessons, boys,' said the teacher.

'And I'll remember my lesson, sir,' said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders, 'but it's fair play all round.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Strength and Toil.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

How much do you care, my friend—enough
To master the little fears?
Do you dare cry halt to the heedless fault
That seeks to deposit the years?

Then you'll lay aside with a soldier's pride,
The lure of the laggard's dream;
For, both East and West, it is toil that's best
As hard as the way may seem.

The Sunday Sleds.

It was Sunday morning, but there was great excitement in the Carr household.

For two nights and a day the rain had fallen in a steady downpour, and the snow was saturated—Mr. Carr called it 'honey-combed,' and added, 'Nobody goes out of this house this day without rubber boots!'

At that news there was a wail from the three younger Carr children. All winter the Carrs had safely walked the mile to Sunday School—sometimes on ice, and sometimes over three or four feet of well-packed snow, wearing good home-made shoes. But now, what a morning! the rain had ceased, there was a glorious sunlight over everything and the trees were hung with glittering drops; but under all was what little Jimmy Carr disgustedly termed 'a slush two feet deep!'

John and Charles had rubber boots, to be sure; but their pleasure in their independence was spoiled by the fact that their sister and little brother were simply shod in their common shoes, and must stay at home from Sunday School. They loved each other at the Carrs' and enjoyed doing things together.

While John and Charles were watering the stock at the barn, they talked over 'the going' together; and when they went in to breakfast, John asked his father if he thought that he and Charles could draw Jimmy and the girls on the high double-runners if they were very careful.

Mr. Carr gave his consent to the experiment rather doubtfully—he had misgivings concerning the ability of the two little girls to 'hold on,' and he mistrusted the tendency of John and Charles to 'kick up' and splash through everything, once they got under way. Mrs. Carr, too, said that they might go, but added decidedly that 'they must all wear their everyday clothes.'

When the Hastings boys, up the road, saw the preparations going on down at the Carrs', a second double-runner appeared, at the red house on the hill.

'What's up' asked Mr. Hastings; 'don't you know that this is Sunday morning?'

'Well,' said Fred Hastings, 'if John and Charlie Carr can drag the children to Sunday School on their double-runner, I guess Dick and I can "spell ablue" to take Mary and Alice on ours!'

So the two hill-sleds with their loads started off for Sunday School both together.

At half after nine, Miss Barrows, the Sunday School Superintendent, had set out in her rubber boots and tucked-up skirts, and carefully picked her way to the school-house. She had built the fire at once, for she knew it would be next to impossible for her usual helper to get there at all. Indeed, she wondered if any of the children would come! But she distributed the thirty singing-books along the desks, and repeated the Golden Text softly to herself: 'According to your faith be it unto you.'

At a quarter past ten, she went to the door and saw, coming slowly up the road, two double-runners, each drawn by a span of boys. The boys splashed along bravely in their rubber boots through deep slush, and on the sleds were two girls apiece, with little Jimmy on the Carr sled besides, the little Carr girls and Jimmy holding on to each other and shaking with subdued Sunday laughter.

Before these had landed at the school-house door, the smiling Sunday School Superintendent counted seven more single or double sleds coming slowly in, each bearing from two to five children.

The children received a warm greeting, and each had a cheerful experience to tell. Fifteen of them came from below the Carr road and they said that when they saw John and Charlie out with their double-runners they just flew for their own sleds!

Four children came from top of a distant hill. Their mother had encouraged them and told them that if they 'held on' just right they could slide down almost into the village. This, the children considered a great thing, for their mother was very strict and had never let them take their sleds out on Sunday. Miss Barrows laughed and pronounced her 'a mother in Israel.' But little Anita, careful of her mother's reputation, explained that this was different, because they couldn't come to Sunday School unless they did come on their sled!

When all the children were gathered together they numbered just thirty-five—every child in the district! They sang and answered questions with a will, and all declared they never had had such a good Sunday School. As Miss Barrows looked at the glowing faces of the boys who had done the hard work—for it was no easy thing to drag the loaded sleds through the slushy snow—she thought, 'These are the boys who are to be men some day, and our country will be proud of them for something or other that they will bring to pass.'

Little Jimmy Carr related gleefully how an old lady called after them and said she 'didn't know what the world was coming to when all the children in a town were allowed to be out in their every-day clothes a-Sunday with their sleds!'

Miss Barrows' Sunday Schoool certainly did have a good time, and afterward had a good journey home. John and Charlie Carr left their sisters on the school-house steps, while they carried Miss Barrows herself to her boarding place at the foot of the village. Not an accident happened. Nobody tumbled off, and not a girl so much as wet the edge of her dress-skirt, or 'stepped in overshoe!'—The 'Farming World.'

Why Young Men Fail.

On every hand we meet those whose life has proved a failure, who have never known anything but poverty, to whom life has simply been a continued struggle for bread; comforts and luxuries they bade farewell to years ago. These men were once boys. The future was just as promising as to many of their fellows upon whom 'fortune' has always seemed to smile. Let us go back to those early days. In the vicinity where both lived there were farms on which there was work to be done. The one, ready to engage in any work of necessity on the farm, lost no time in securing the first job he could find. Not always, indeed, was it in accordance with his tastes; but he went at it with a determination to do his best. By taking an interest in his employer's business, he made it for the time his own. His employer, not slow to observe this, trusted him more and more, and at the end of the season was ready to retain him at advanced wages.

He thoroughly learned all the details of the business. Was it fitting the ground for growing crops—he even endeavored to the best of his ability to do his work so well as to give perfect satisfaction. If crops were to be put in, he followed instructions, and none were put in carelessly. At harvest time he was told to save carefully what had matured, and it was a great waste not to secure what had cost time and labor to plant and cultivate. Thus he learned valuable lessons in economy.

The same interest he had in his employer's work made him careful as to the use of tools. Farm tools were put in their place, and many little repairs given, at a time when a single bolt, a nail driven, or some little thing attended to, would prevent breakage and loss. All these little things, each seeming small of itself, secured him a steady place at the best wages, until he finally accumulated a sufficient sum to start for himself. I need not follow him further, the secret of his success is plain. But how about the other young man, who lived near, with as strong muscle as the first? He obtained a situation equal to that of his fellow. His employer went with him to the field to start the plough. After a few furrows, he left him with the injunction to see that every sod was turned over. For a little while the young man obeyed orders; but getting impatient, he began to neglect his work, thus soliloquising: 'The old man will

never know the difference after I have dragged it over once or twice.'

At sowing time, instead of following instructions to fit the ground thoroughly, he did what he was obliged to, caring not what the harvest might be. He was always ready to find fault with his employer's manner of doing work to any who might be passing, and was quite particular about the kind of work he should do. . . . Is it any wonder he is to-day on the town—he who began his early life in this manner?

It is the careful attention to little details that fits the young man to occupy positions of trust. Not unfrequently we hear young men complaining because nobody appreciates their abilities. They expect to step at once into a good position at full wages. Every young man may safely lay it down, as a rule, that if he faithfully performs the work at hand he will be appreciated, and higher positions will open before him; but if he wishes to look forward to years of poverty, let him find fault with his employer whenever his back is turned, slight work, and grumble at his wages.—'Christian Globe.'

The Unimportance of What we Got.

What a man has, never determines his happiness or enjoyment in life. Nor does it make him of any special value to any one else. It is hard to believe this when we are particularly longing for some possession that we lack,—but that is the time when we need to remember it. What we do, not what we get, is the test; and only our doing makes life worth while to ourselves or to others. 'So few things worth getting, such a host of things worth doing,' said a preacher recently; and the host of things worth doing are always at hand. Why should any of us be poor?—'Sunday School Times.'

What Boys Should Learn.

There are a great many things boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of great help to them oftentimes when they need help.

Among other things boys should learn, these may be named:

1. Not to tease boys and girls smaller than themselves.

2. Not to take the easiert chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.

3. To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

4. To be as kind to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

5. To make their friends among good boys.

6. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

7. To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

8. To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, gamble, or drink, remembering these things are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.—The 'Glenwood Boy.'

A Good Reputation to Have.

A young man was expecting daily to go away. His mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said,

'Did you pay that bill?'

'Yes!' he answered.

In a few days the bill was sent in a second time.

'I thought,' she said to her son, 'that you paid this.'

'I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so many things on my mind.'

'But you said you did.'

'Well,' he answered, 'if I said I did, I did!'

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

'I am quite sure,' she said, 'that my son paid this some time ago. He has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did.'

'Well,' said the man, 'I forgot about it; but if he ever said he did, he did.

Surely that was a reputation worth having.—'Sunday School Messenger.'

In the Mine.

Many times it is not so easy to be brave and true as we think it will be. Joe Quinn was going to be a hero. His father had led more than one rescue party into the mines, and Joe planned to do the same. Now that at last he had reached what he had longed for all the years of a very short life—a miner's lamp in his hat and a job at tending door in the Corsico mine—he was eager for his chance to come.

He thrilled with delight when he was left alone at his post to open the heavy wooden door for the cars and men as they came along the gangway and close it after them. He was part of it—this great, awful, strange life underground. Here he would stand at his post when some great accident came. The terrible blast would blow out his light like this—and Joe put out his lamp and tried to think just how he would feel, brave and strong, and how he would rush down the gangways and warn man after man of the coming danger, or drag a number of half-dead men up the long slope to the shaft.

It was black in the mine, but Joe was not afraid, so he knew that he would do all the things he had planned to do in the face of danger.

While he planned heroic deeds, he saw far up in the gangway two lights coming. In the silence of the mine he heard the talk of the men who wore the lamps. They were grumbling at the order which forbade any but safety lamps to be used in the mine.

'Howlan is an old fogy, afraid of a bit of gas! What if it does blow off once in a while? I'm not going to work in the dark with a safety, I'll work with a good naked lamp, if the whole mine blows up for it!'

Then the voices hushed and the men passed through Joe's door.

Joe knew just what he meant to do to rescue the men when an accident came, but this was not so easy. His orders had been to report any man going through his door with a naked lamp. But here were men who intended to provide themselves with naked lights when they should reach their place of work. To save the mine from accident it was his duty to report these men, for he knew how rigid was the order against naked lamps. But to tell! It was a child's trick, while he was almost a man. The idea! What would folks think if they found out?

There in the darkness Joe Quinn, the prospective hero, had it out with himself.

'Joe, you must tell!'

'I will not! I will not!'

'There may be an accident.'

'It'll not hurt you. They work in the farthest chamber of the mine, and it'll be their own fault.'

'It will be your fault, too, if there is an accident.'

'But I hate a fellow to trot to the boss with every little tale.'

'You simply must tell, Joe Quinn.'

'The men will be down on you if you do.'

'You need not care. You must do right.'

'The men may never use the naked lights, and the boss will think you're not telling the truth.'

'Joe, you'll have to do your duty whether you like it or not, no matter what the men think, tattle or no tattle. Now, mind you.'

The next day two men were refused permission to enter the mine, while Joe went to his work a little sore at heart for having to tell, never knowing that by his decision he had really made himself Joe Quinn, hero.—'Sunday School Visitor.'

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibility or my gifts.—Ruskin.

In an Oakum Wash.

(Albert W. Tolman, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

(Concluded.)

'Something struck violently against my head. It was my wooden bar, which had fallen into the wash with me, and was being carried round beneath the paddle-wheel by the current. How many times it had passed before without touching me I did not know. If I could only grasp it and brace it in some way across the narrow channel!

'But I soon gave up the idea. If I let go with one hand I was doomed, for the torrent would whirl me away instantly.

'Now a new and terrible danger threatened me. Even since my fall I had felt the hemp brushing softly beneath my body as the hot fluid swept it along. As my arms became wearied my shoulders sank lower, and the mass of fibre began gradually to collect round them.

'The weight of my own water-soaked clothing was already considerable. This slowly increasing burden would soon be more than I could bear.

'Two hundred pounds of dry material had been thrown into the wash, and I knew that it would absorb an amount of water at least equal to its own weight.

'The entire mass, driven round and round by the force of the current, would in a short time dam up against my body, pressing against me pitilessly with greater and greater force, until it tore my hold away. Then a horrible death would be a matter of seconds only.

'It was now simply a question of how long I could hold on. The torrent dashed against me, remorselessly, insistently, never any faster, never any slower. Deeper and deeper sank my shoulders.

'The hot, nauseous flood ran into my ears and bubbled about my cheeks. The clinging hemp festooned itself round my neck, and strove to force my face beneath the surface. Once my head sank for a moment, and the water ran into my eyes and trickled about my nostrils and lips. I emerged, choking, strangling.

'Above the rush of the torrent, faint, and far off, piercing the sodden mass that muffled my ears, came the sound of a whistle. Some one was entering the mill. Beneath my fingers where they gripped the edge of the trap I could just feel the vibration of footsteps.

'Then the whisling suddenly stopped. There was a shout, a hurried running, and two strong hands gripped my wrists. Help had come not a moment too soon.

'More shouting, more running. Then another pair of hands on my wrists, and I was saved. Two of the men had returned from the field in the nick of time. They drew me out and laid me, faint, dripping and speechless, on the floor.

'The first man who came in had seen the tips of my fingers clinging to the edge of the opening. Nothing else was visible, but he grasped the situation at once, and acting promptly, thereby saved my life. I could have held on only a very few seconds longer.

'I lay for some time, feeling sick and weak. Finally I mustered strength enough to stagger to my feet, and one of my friends went home with me.

'The last sound I heard as I passed through the door was the twittering of that pair of sparrows, still berating each other furiously on the beam over the wash. My adventure must have occupied several minutes, and they apparently kept at it without interruption during that time. The difference between them must have been a serious one. It came near being a fatal one for me.

'The next morning found me at my post again. I have taken good care never to risk a similar experience since. Even now, whenever I have the nightmare, it always takes one form. I imagine myself in this wash, holding on until my fingers give way and I am drawn round under the wheel. Then I wake up.'

What have you done to-day that nobody but a Christian would do?—Maltbie D. Babcock.

LITTLE FOLKS

Growing.

When I was five I used to b'lieve
In fairies; and I wouldn't leave
My mother for a minute;
I didn't want to go at night
In any room 'cept where a light
Was burning brightly in it.
When I was six I really thought
The world was flat, and stopped off short
With just high walls around it;
And when I lost my doll, I cried
And couldn't stop, although I tried,
Till Sister Mary found it.
But now I know what things are true,
And I go vis'ting Cousin Lou
Alone—she's most eleven.
Dark rooms don't frighten me, and I
Just only very seldom cry,
For now I'm almost seven.

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in 'Our Little Ones'

The Six New Servants.

Papa failed in business last year, whatever that means. We didn't lose our home, for that is mamma's own, but we had to dismiss the servants, Mrs. Bloom, who had worked for us so long, and her son George, who had the care of the garden and the stable.

'I am going to hire six more servants,' mamma said, brightly, and she smiled on us all so that we knew it was we six children she meant. Then she told us her plans. Mrs. Bloom was going to live with her daughter near by, and would take our washing and ironing home to do; the rest we must do ourselves. It was lucky mamma was brought up to work and knows how to do everything, so she could teach us.

Burt, our baby, who is only six years old, mamma said, should be her little page, to answer the door-bell and run on little errands for everybody. Mamma taught him how to usher callers in to the parlor, and he does it very nicely. He sweeps the front porch and steps, too, with his little broom.

Clara, who is almost sixteen, mamma made cook, to help her do the baking and get the meals. Lewis comes next, and he has the gardening to do, and takes care of the horse. He likes that very much. He brings in the wood and coal, keeps the paths clean and is our man-of-all-work, he says.

I am next to him, and mamma gave me the chamber work to do. I like to make beds and fix the rooms up nice. I also have charge of the halls and stairs.

Beth is parlor maid, keeps the parlor swept and dusted and in order, changes the water in the flower vases, and all that. She also helps Milly clear the table and wash the dishes. Milly is only eight, but she makes a nice dining-room girl, and sets the table beautifully.

'I must put my servants in livery, of course,' mamma said. So she made Clara large white bib-aprons that won't show flour, and the rest of us girls have long-sleeved tiers to work in. Lewis has overalls and a 'jumper' he calls it, and Burt has a cunning little page's suit.

And we do have such good times.

—Selected.

The Revenge Of The Dolls.

(By Elizabeth Beale Berry, in 'Ram's Horn.'

One day Dorothy felt tired and cross, nothing pleased her and everything went wrong. She had been to a Christmas party the day before and a little too much ice cream and cake was the cause of the trouble perhaps.

'What shall I do now, mamma?' she kept asking her mother who was at her wit's end inventing amusements for Miss Dorothy.

'Don't you want to play with your dolls?' asked mamma, at length.

'Dolls? No, I hate them! I never want to see the old dolls again.'

'Then lie down and sleep a while, you will feel happier when you awaken. You are tired, that is what ails you.'

Dorothy was so angry at her mother's suggestion that in a temper she threw herself on the toy sofa where she fell asleep in a few minutes. In her dreams her six beautiful dolls, that she really loved, crowded around her and had their revenge for her disloyalty to them.

Little Lilian Maude stood on tiptoe close to Dorothy's face and whispered: 'So you don't love me any more? All right for you. I'll make myself so stiff that you can't dress me and I'll get a crack across my nose and I'll be your mamma's little girl.'

Florence Lacedress came creeping nearer and nearer with her hand out. She pinched Dorothy's arm. 'Just as you pinch my arms when you handle me,' said she spitefully.

Rosabelle, beautiful new Rosabelle, stood by Dorothy's head and pulled out her hair, one hair at a time, until poor Dorothy was bald. 'You'll do it to me before long.' Miss Rosabelle remarked viciously, and each time as she repeated it she pulled out another hair.

Flora Lee climbed upon Dorothy's back and stuck pins down her spine in a way which Dorothy recognized at once as being like her treatment of Flora Lee because that doll's body was stuffed with sawdust.

Mildred Louise and Emilie Etta ranged themselves back of Dorothy and ran their tiny composition fingers up and down her legs until the child's blood ran icy cold. During this torment she was unable to stir hand or foot to protect herself, and every few minutes the dolls would say in concert, 'Now you know how we feel when you treat us badly.'

Suddenly Dorothy made a great effort and forced her eyes wide open and behold! her dream had not been altogether a dream. The dollies were standing around as in her dream, not hurting her, but smiling in their old loving way.

The truth was that mamma had placed the dolls near Dorothy while she slept, knowing that when her little girl awakened she would be her sweet happy self again, and thinking nothing would delight her so much as to see her family of doll children by her side, and mamma was right.—'Ram's Horn.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

THE SOLDIERS' CRIPPLED DOG.

A Dog With A Wooden Leg.

A woolly little poodle in the Philippines was a regimental pet. During a fight near Cavite the lower part of its left hind leg was shot off. Being unfit for further campaigning, he went to live in the surgeon's home.

The doctor's wife had made for him an artificial hind leg, fitting neatly over the stump with a laced glove top, and having a little rubber pad for a foot. On this the dog soon walked with ease, and by degrees learned to use it readily, as if it were an actual leg.

One day, however, as he was scratching behind his left ear, the wooden leg hung in his hair and pulled off. The poor little fellow's perplexity when his hind stump kept on swinging and no scratch came, was ludicrous. Finally he violently shook his head and ears till the wooden leg flew off. Then he took it in his mouth and hobbled on three legs to his mistress, to have it put on again.—'The Child's Companion.'

When Mamma Visited The School.

When mamma took Jamie and Nora to school for the first time, she told the teacher that she hoped to come often to see how her little ones were getting along. But there was wee Alice to take care of, and then fair Rosamond, and by and by dear little dimpled Dick.

After a while all five went to the same school—to Miss Graham's 'primary and kindergarten,' as Alice called it. By that time, somehow, mamma was busier than ever. Three little curly heads to have tangles taken out and ringlets put in! Five little faces to polish, five little neckties to knot, rubbers to find, and then Jamie and Dick!

Well, even the best of boys, you know, have such a queer way of just slicking the front of their hair, and leaving the back part looking like a lot of cast-off paint-brushes.

When mamma actually got the little procession started at half past eight, she was almost tired out. But the little ones couldn't understand that at all, and now a little chorus of five teased almost daily: 'O mamma, why don't you visit our school?'

Then they learned a little song, beginning,

Dear, dear, what can the matter be!
Parents don't visit the school.

The verses went on to say that fathers and mothers cared for their dollars, horses and collars—for everything, in fact, but visiting the school. After they learned this tantalizing song, poor mamma hadn't any peace; for every morning they took hold of hands and danced around her in a ring, singing: 'Dear, dear, what can the matter be?' till she made up her mind that she really would go very soon.

A few days after mamma came to this decision, old Aunt Patty Penn, who kept the only toy-shop in Alcon, decided to go out to Chicago to live with her brother. Mamma had always been very kind to poor Aunt Patty, sending her broth when she was ill, and buying for her little ones all the red mittens that the old lady could make between sales. So now Aunt Patty thought she would be kind, too.

After she had auctioned off as many old toys as she could, she called in mamma's little procession just as it was turning home from school. To Jamie she gave a fine baseball; to Nora, a set of britannia dishes; to Alice, a box of old-fashioned, red and yellow paper dolls; to Rosamond, a wooden box full of brass rings set with glass stones of every color; and to Dick, a glass jar of lovely pink and white striped sticks of candy; and a happier group of children is seldom seen.

Dick was a generous little fellow and it seemed as if he gave a candy-stick to every child he met. Still, he must have stored a great many for safe-keeping in his own little stomach, for mamma had to give him so much peppermint and hot water that night.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence

W.

Dear Editor,—Received five books Jan. 30th for premiums for the subscribers I sent you Dec. 30, 1905. Am delighted with the books, and received them in good condition. The 'Northern Messenger' has visited our home for upwards of twenty-six years off and on. We could not say too much in its favor. It has not only come to our home, but we have placed it in several homes, of which all have spoken very highly of it.

LEAH MINER.

S. Z., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' several times, and quite enjoy the reading of this interesting paper. I tried the Sunday School examination this year, and got first class honors. I am awarded a prize of a book. I think it is very interesting writing on this examination, and I hope many of the readers of this paper have tried it. For pets I have a dog named Tory, and two cats. were nine apples. The word schoolmaster is found in the 3rd Galatians, 24th and 25th verses. Here are some riddles: What word may be pronounced 'quicked' by adding a syllable to it? A little boy got 10c. worth of nails, what did he get them for? If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how many would you get for 11 pence?

ELLEN McKINNON.

(Will correspondents please remember to enclose the answer to every conundrum they send in.—Cor. Ed.)

H., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I do not take the 'Messenger,' but my brother does. I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence page. There is not much snow now, not even enough for sleighing. We are having splendid skating on the river now, and I can skate very well. I go to school every day. My sister and I are twins, and our schoolmates cannot tell us apart playing hide-and-go-seek. I hope this letter will not find its way to the waste basket. I wonder who ever invented such a thing as a waste basket. I hope to see my letter in print.

LAURA HYDE.

N.

Dear Editor,—I have just started to take the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a very interesting paper, especially the correspondence page. I always look for that the first thing every Sunday. I am trying not to miss a paper. I take music lessons, and belong to a musical club called the 'E. T. M. C.' We take up the lives, etc., of the musicians, and it is interesting as well as instructive. We meet every second and fourth Wednesdays. Our colors to distinguish our club are crimson and gold. I am 13 years old.

NORA McFADDEN.

R. V.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' before. I take the 'Messenger,' and I think it is the nicest paper I ever read. When it comes into the house I always open it to read the Correspondence page. Some of the drawings are very nice.

The answer to Jessie Sutherland's question, which was, 'How often does the word Lord occur.' The answer is 46,227 times. I am going to send one. How often does the word 'Reverend' occur in the Bible? I have read a number of books. Some of them are: 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and a great many others. We have students come to R. every two weeks from Knox College.

EDYTH BROOKS.

H., Man.

Dear Editor,—As this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I think I will write and tell you about our school. There are twelve going to our school. I am in the third book. We had a Christmas tree at our school house this winter, and it was a grand success. We made about twenty-five dollars. We are having a prize at school for January, February and March, for the one who does the least talking, is least late, and who attends most regularly. The books I have read are: 'Andy's Trust,' 'The two Twins,' and I am reading 'Walks with Mamma' now. I like reading very much, if it was not for the hard words.

MYRTLE GRAY (age 10.)

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The word 'schoolmaster' is found in Galatians iii., 24-25. I try to learn ten verses every Sunday for Sunday School.

F. M. C.

K.

Dear Editor,—I wonder if any readers of the 'Messenger' know the recitation of the anti-tobacco pledge?

With all our might,
And all our main,
We hereby promise to abstain,
From cigarettes, cigars, and snuff,
And all kinds of tobacco stuff.
Tobacco using injures health,
And hinders on the way to wealth.
If tall and strong we want to grow
This ugly weed we must not know
Though friends of mine,
Their pledge may choose,
We will our best endeavors use,
And they and I,
Will ever try
Tobacco's power to defy.

WILLIE FRANK.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading a few of the letters to the 'Messenger' and thought I would write one. I am thirteen years old, and am in Senior Fourth Class. We live half a mile from school. I, with two brothers and one sister, attend regularly. I have eight brothers and one sister.

The answer to Rosa J. Rose's riddle is: Schoolmaster is found in Galatians iii., 24. The answers to M. I. B.'s riddles are: 1—An icicle. 2—There were eight apples left. I am sending a few riddles. What is that won't go up a stove-pipe nor down a stove-pipe, but it will go up a stove-pipe down and down a stove-pipe down?

E. ROSS.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join your charming circle. I am sending a puzzle. If a donkey was one side of a deep river, and a bundle of carrots was on the other side, and he liked them very much, and he could not jump nor swim, neither go round, so what did he do?

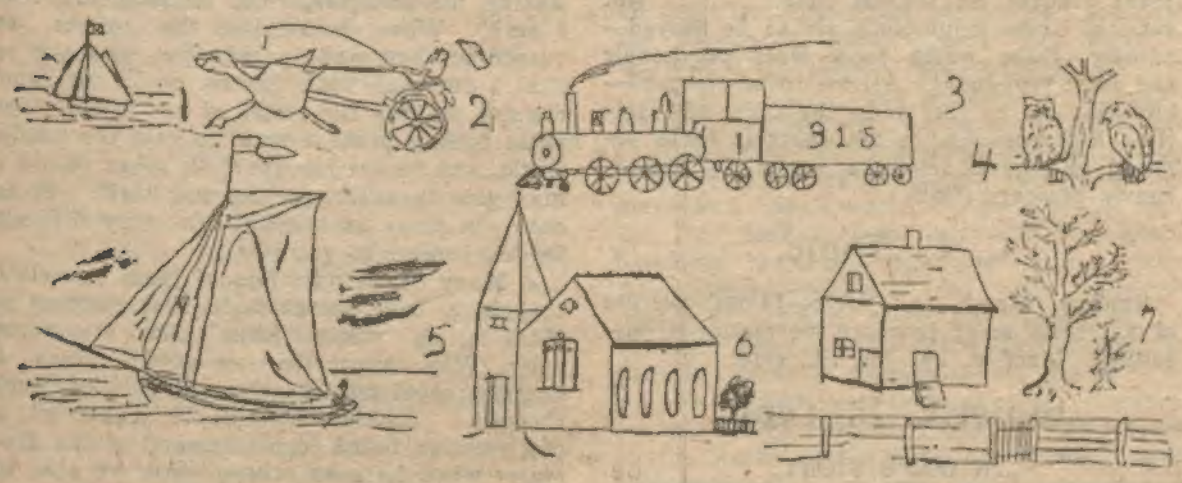
The answer of Wesley Bigger's puzzle is a man walking over a bridge with a pail of water over his head.

NORRIS HARRIES.

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have only taken it a short time, but I like reading the stories and correspondence page. I am twelve years of age. I go to school every day. I am in the Fifth Grade, in the fourth book. I study arithmetic, writing, geography, spelling, history, drawing, composition, and health reader. I go to Sunday School. Rosa J. Rose was asking if any of us knew where schoolmaster is found in the Bible. Answer—It is found in Galatians, third chapter, in the twenty-fourth verse.

VERA JANE SMITH.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Daffodil' (small boat). Laura McKinnon (8), P., Ont.
2. 'Full-speed.' James Hamilton, M., Que.
3. 'Locomotive.' Harry T. Harrison (12), S. S., N. S.
4. 'Owls.' Peter McKercher, M., Ont.
5. 'Shamrock' (boat). E. B. Titus, G. B., Ont.
6. 'Church.' Vera Smith (12), C., P.E.I.
7. 'House.' Charlie Grant, L., Alta.

I will try to answer the puzzles in last week's paper. The word schoolmaster is found in the third chapter of Gal. 24th verse. If there are two pigs before a pig, two pigs behind a pig, and a big between two pigs, there will be three pigs. I can give you a riddle:—

Why is a lean monarch like a man in meditation?

'We are keeping the 'Messenger,' and are going to make a book of it.

MONA JOHNSON.

K., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and I could not do without it, now the family reads it. I have one pony, one cow, two dogs, three cats, and about eight hens. I live on a farm about five miles from K. I play checkers and marbles, and other games.

N. F. MAC.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday School and get the 'Messenger' there, and I like the 'Boys' and Girls',' and the 'Correspondence' Page very much. I liked the story about 'The Christmas Stocking' very much. I go to school, and am in the Senior Third, but we are having holidays just now, as the teacher is sick. I was 10 years old the 28th of September. The Sunday School had an anniversary, and I recited 'Why Santa Laughed,' and my two oldest brothers were in a dialogue and a military drill.

I am very fond of reading, and here are some of the books I like best: 'Black Beauty,' 'Masterman Ready,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I saw a riddle in one of the papers. 'If there are two pigs in front of a pig, two pigs behind a pig, and a pig between two pigs, how many pigs are there? There were three pigs. There was another: 'Nine apples hanging high, nine men pass by, each took an apple. How many apples were left? There

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LESSON X.—MARCH 11, 1906.

The Tongue and the Temper

Matthew v., 33-48.

Golden Text.

Keep the door of my lips.—Ps. cxli., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 5.—Matt. v., 33-48.
Tuesday, March 6.—Matt. vi., 1-18.
Wednesday, March 7.—Matt. vi., 19-34.
Thursday, March 8.—James iii., 1-18.
Friday, March 9.—James iv., 1-17.
Saturday, March 10.—Prov. x., 17-25.
Sunday, March 11.—Luke vi., 27-36.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Macaulay says of Pitt that he could pour forth a long succession of stately periods without premeditation and in a voice of silvery clearness. Perhaps he reached the zenith of his fame in his speech in parliament on the abolition of the slave trade. Where is that speech? A memory only. An American analogue is found in Webster. He stood before an entranced congress as he made his celebrated 'Reply to Hayne,' but that speech is only a memory also, although just two generations have passed since its delivery. Two milleniums ago the Galilean availed Himself of one of Nature's temples, and when the unsynagogued congregation gathered he opened His mouth and taught them. One does not need to search the musty archives of parliament or congress to find that address. It is the best and the most widely known composition in human literature. Millions have it in memory—millions live by it. . . . It has been said that Jesus only borrowed the aphorisms of the rabbi. Talmudic sayings are put in parallel columns with those of Jesus—and thus His originality discounted. If such rabbinical maxims are put back into their context, however, they are almost always found on a lower plane, and often moving in a direction opposite to the teaching of Jesus. . . . The superior ethical quality of the Master's instructions is no where more evident than when he comes to deal with the current sins of the tongue. The old traditional interpretation encouraged the making of oaths. Jesus took flat issue with the custom. He commanded the omission of oaths, and the use of plain speech. . . . Again, He rescinded the law of retaliation, and taught and exemplified the brand-new principle of non-resistance. . . . He enjoins a practical benevolence which will give to the asker, and not turn from the borrower. . . . He calls a halt to the hatred of enemies, always before considered legitimate and even praiseworthy. He commands the opposite, namely, the love of enemies. To love those who love us has no moral quality. The most despised man in Palestine, the publican, could easily do that. But to love an enemy—that is divine. Sons of God will act like their Father, who sends sunshine and rain upon all, without reference to the moral character or personal attitude of each toward Himself. . . . Perfection is the goal which Jesus here uncovers. A completely-rounded wholeness of character. All Christian—not Christian in one part and pagan in another. The full stature—not a dwarf edition.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Here pre-eminently the social teachings of Jesus are found. Man's duty to self and neighbor; his duty to organized society; his attitude toward current evils, especially when they attack himself. It is a veritable handbook of conduct for the Christian citizen. . . America vies with the Orient in cursing. In public conveyance, on the sidewalk, in shop and mart, profance and vulgar oaths garnish the common speech. It is the most useless habit. It has subtle power to destroy the fine sense of reverence. The Master needs again to cry 'Halt!' and to command that our speech be 'Yea, yea,' and 'Nay, nay,' for whatever is over and above that is of the devil. . . . . Truth issuing from the inward part needs no oath to confirm it. It bears its own evidences and credentials. . .

. The disciples of Jesus under the law of the land had a perfect right to retaliation for offences against themselves, but He showed them a better way. They were to waive their right—and even go to the length of non-resistence. Litigation is to be avoided. If one happens to be impressed for courier service upon the highway he is to go twice the required distance. . . . In Jesus' day the opinion maintained that suffering was the sign of sin in the sufferer. No sympathy was chilled. The unfortunate one was getting what he deserved. The Master will have none of it and commands His followers to share what they have with all who ask alms of them. . . . With the command to love enemies and to do good to persecutors the ethical teaching of Jesus reaches its highest note. . . Not some of these injunctions are to be obeyed—namely, those which seem most practicable and least repugnant. All are to be observed—but that not by rote or in the spirit of legality. Righteousness in the heart is to be allowed to express itself in conduct as opportunity presents itself.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 11.—Topic—James' picture of a perfect man; how can we realize it ourselves? Matt. v., 48; Jas. iii., 1-18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

IN GOD'S SIGHT.

Monday, March 5.—God sees the heart. I. Chron. xxviii., 9.

Tuesday, March 6.—God sees all. Heb. iv., 13.

Wednesday, March 7.—God pondereth the heart. Prov. xxi., 2.

Thursday, March 8.—God knoweth the heart. Luke xvi., 15.

Friday, March 9.—Samuel's errand. I. Sam. xvi., 1-5.

Saturday, March 10.—What Samuel thought. I. Sam. xvi., 6.

Sunday, March 11.—Topic—How God looks at people I. Sam. xvi., 6-12.

I believe that there is no away, that no love, no life, goes ever from us; it goes as He went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, to be with us always, even to the end of the world.—Geo. Macdonald.

Jesus, the Master Questioner

(The Rev. A. H. McKinney, Ph.D., Newark, N.J., in the 'Sunday school Times.')

The Great Teacher was the master questioner. Those who have taken him as their example will find Him their guide in this as in all else. A study of the Gospels reveals, among others, the following facts concerning His questioning:

1. Jesus had a threefold preparation for questioning:

(1). He knew his subject. He was perfectly at home with the Old Testament which he used so frequently as his text-book, and he was a thorough master of the truth he wished to teach. It was impossible for those whom he taught to entangle him concerning the truth he proclaimed. On the other hand, with one of his questions, he suggested to his hearers such lines of thought that they could but marvel at the depth and clearness of his knowledge.

(2). He knew his pupils. He 'needed not that any should bear witness concerning man, for he himself knew what was in man.' This gave him great skill in adapting his questions to the one whom he wished to be benefited thereby.

(3.) He had a thorough mastery of himself. Never was he off his guard, never was he unprepared; always cautious, collected, masterful, he put behind his questions a personal force that was simply overpowering.

Wise is that follower of the Master, wishing to teach the truth that he came to proclaim, who will endeavor to acquire this threefold form of preparation. The first and second elements thereof may be gained by study; the third comes largely as the result of union with him who came that we might have life, and might have it more abundantly.

2. The Great Teacher's questions were transparent. Not only did he know what his question meant, but the one to whom it was put could see through it. This transparency was due to the Master's definiteness of knowledge, clearness of thought, and simplicity of language.

3. The questions of Jesus were pointed. Every question that he put struck home because it was aimed at something. This does not mean that he was offensive or cutting, for he could be gentle and kind in the highest degree.

To understand what is meant by the pointedness of the Master's questions, one need but turn to the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark. In verse 27 we read of his asking his disciples, 'Who do men say that I am?' When he received the answer, he turned to them and asked, 'But who say ye that I am?' A little farther on in the same chapter we find the record of his asking, 'For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?' 'Or what should a man give in exchange for his life?' From such questions as these it was very difficult for his hearers to get away.

4. Many of the questions of Jesus stimulate thought. Take, for example, that question in Mark x., 18, where Jesus asks the young ruler, 'Why callest thou me good?' Such a question could not be answered without much thought. Another example of suggestion is the question found in his demand of the disciples when he asks them, 'Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink?' Take that question that he put to the leaders of the Jews: 'The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?' How impossible it was for them to answer it without thinking long and seriously!

The teacher who is prepared to ask questions in accordance with such principles as these need have no fear that his pupils will not be led into real thinking.

If it is desired to kill the school, let the older people decide that they are too big to attend and too far advanced in religious experience to give attention to the children's instruction or to get any help for themselves in the Sunday School. Scarcely a school can be found where the superintendent has not considerable trouble in securing competent teachers, largely because the older members consider that they have no part in the work of the school and do not attend. The real fact is that almost every member of the church ought to take a lively interest in the Sunday school work, and for any to fail to do so is to contribute very materially to the death of this glorious institution. They may not mean to kill it, and they may not like the blame laid at their door, but I am sure others can see the point, if they cannot, and it is time they ceased to be numbered with the transgressors.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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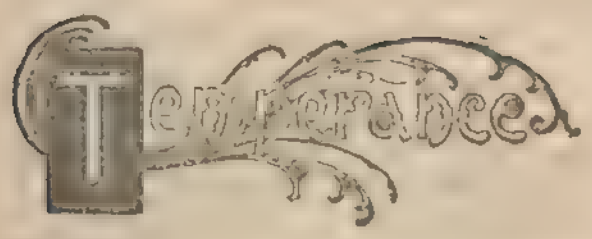

A Song for Convivial Parties

(This satire was written by Wm. Hone, and appeared in the 'Times' in December, 1831)

Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high;
We will drink while round they pass
To vice and misery!
Pass quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet low!
And drink in revelry's swelling strain
To reason's overthrow!

Pass round, pass round, in quickest time,
The lowest drop be spent,
In one loud shout to guilt and crime
And crime's just punishment!
Fill, fill again, fill to the brim,
To loss of honest fame!
Quaff, deeper quaff, while now we drink
Our wives' and children's shame!

Pass round and round with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry;
We drink to woman's sighs and tears,
And children's poverty!
Once more, while power still yet remain,
E'en with our latest breath,
Drink to ourselves, disease and pain,
And infamy and death!

The Genesis of Character.

(The Rev. Frank E. Day, D.D., in the 'Northwestern Advocate.')

Character is moulded by unseen and unappreciated influences. The channel of many a life has been set in the right course by events which seemed commonplace and humdrum while transpiring. I stumbled across a case in point—true in every feature.

Four boys of that interesting age when the young life is in the balance, whose dozen or fourteen years had added charm to their restless moments, had come under the influence of a great temperance revival. A reformed drunkard was nightly reciting the sickening story of his ruin and the inspiring record of his rescue. Hundreds, including scores of besotted inebriates, were signing the pledge. In the furore of excitement multitudes of boys were placing their names under the agreement never to drink, or even encourage the use of intoxicants. These four boys, thoughtless, but interested in the personality of the rescued drunkard, were among the number who, 'under stress of excitement,' signed that pledge.

Many wiseacres shook their heads and said, 'Too much excitement.' But let us see. One of these four boys had an inherited taste for rum. In his veins flowed the currents of appetite which alcohol could stir and set in resistless flow. None of the others could endure the taste of so-called intoxicating liquors, so they said.

A few months later, this quartette of interesting boys, gathered, as had been their custom every golden autumn, at the big cider mill on Mound farm, adjoining the city they called home. Bright, welcome, cheery lads! How the farm hands always hailed them! 'Come, boys, fill up your cups and drink all you want of the best apple-juice in the land,' they said.

Now, that was no great event, as the world sees greatness; nor was there aught suggestive there of either danger or opportunity. But the truth is, there were wrecked three young lives amid that autumn glory, and one, touched by an inbred appetite for rum, was buttressed in the strength of faithfulness and duty.

This is the simple story. It occurred to these drinking boys to look at their pledge cards. Maybe it was the fluttering blue ribbon tied in the coat lapels, in evidence of their having signed the pledge, that suggested it. The examination revealed that cider was the list of the beverages from which they had agreed to abstain. My, oh, my! What an argument followed! It was a debate royal. For who can debate like four lively American boys? The truth is, all were surprised to find cider in their pledge. This led three to maintain that it was not binding on them, as they could not be bound by any agreement they did not mean to make. I can see them gesticulating now. Graceful, natural, glorious boys! How natural, how spontaneous their oratory! But one stood out and said: 'Well, boys, my name is there anyway, and I ain't a-goin' to drink no cider.' It was the boy who liked to feel the tingle in his veins the cider gave him when it was just a wee bit hard. Three of them broke their pledge that autumn afternoon.

Yes, there were real destinies settled there that day. The genesis of character is unconscious to us always. Three boys broke their pledge in a seemingly unimportant item. But it served to push them over a slippery place in after years, when the tempter, allured by the seductions of the wine-cup, and all three have known the bitterness of the 'woe' and 'babblings' and 'contentions' and 'redness of eyes' of those that 'tarry long at the wine.' Ah, me! My heart faints to-day as I think of the three clear-eyed boys that went over the Niagara of drink because they began to drift with the current that sad day.

The one, not a whit brighter or more promising than the rest, waded deep the waters of temptation. He learned a trade that threw him with fast and dissipated young men; he attended a school where 'the society,' the 'upper ten,' smiled approvingly on moderate drinking; he fought hard his natural appetite armored much by the fact that the pledge of boyhood honor had been kept inviolate. His career is not a striking one in that his name is written in the list of the world's leaders, nor is more than ordinary success his lot. But it is true, he fills a niche in the work for the supply of human need that honors God and helps his fellowmen, and the integrity of his character would be championed by scores of admiring, trusting friends, against the slander of any enemy.

Yes, my little story is a tragedy. Every year it is being rewritten in innumerable instances. Many are slipping into the net spread for their feet by the enemy unseen. But the genesis, the beginning of character, is by these tragedies strongly set in unyielding lines. What a lesson! So plain that boy and girl alike may read it and understand. In the genesis of character it is never safe to break an honorable vow, though unintentionally made. It is ever safe to give the right the benefit of every doubt.

Brother in the name of Freedom,
In the name of those you love;
In the name of suffering kinsmen,
In the name of God above,
In the name of all things holy,
Heedless of the world's cold frown;
Fight the fight of Prohibition,
Crush the mighty drink fiend down.

'I Must Live.'

A brewer in Ohio, in view of the fact that an election is to be held in the city where he lives under the Beal law, to test whether saloons shall be prohibited there, fearing that the result will be adverse to his interests, comes out in a plea to the community not to take from him his support in his advancing age. An exchange says: 'We have heard of saloon-keepers raising the same whimpering cry. The result of their business is to make paupers, to impoverish families, to wreck homes, and to ruin human lives, and yet they plead for the privilige of keeping on in order that they may make a living.' 'I must live,' said a saloon-keeper. 'I do not see the least reason in the world for it,' was the answer. If brewers and saloon-keepers have no other way to live let them go to the poor-house. It was built for their victims, but if their unholy traffic ceases there will be few inmates, and so plenty of room.

The man who clothes the rumseller's wife in silks and his own wife in rags ought to be put in the stocks.

How We May Help to Abolish the Saloon.

Ephesians vi., 10-13.

It is unnecessary that any statistics should be given concerning the increase of intemperance. We are quite familiar with the mighty army which is marching on day by day to perdition. It is unnecessary that we should say anything about the awful effects of intemperance for we know too well how it destroys character and blights the brightest future. It is only necessary that we should say that intemperance in all its forms is on the increase. If, however, any particular class of people should be mentioned as contributing to this great army in greater number it would be the women, for statistics prove that more women to-day are taking intoxicating liquor to excess than ever before in the history of our country. We tremble when we think of the future.

There are some suggestions, however, which may be made. We shall have no decrease of intemperance so long as we consider it just a folly and not a sin. When it is understood that no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of God, if he persists in his sin, it is an alarming thing indeed to be intemperate. Neither will we be successful in our campaign if we allow ourselves to think of it in any other way than this, that God is able to overthrow this iniquity. The cloud is black as we look at it and the fight is discouraging, but He can help us win if we will but fight in His way.—'American Messenger.'

Sayings of John Burns.

(Mr. John Burns, M.P., in Lees and Raper Memorial Lecture.')

'Prosperity promotes drinking.'

'There is no compensation in drink.'

'No poverty without excessive drinking.'

'Circumstances, instead of man, may be made the football.'

'The worst man to go to to deposit your savings is the publican.'

'Above all, workmen, you suffer not so much from lack of means as the fewness of your wants.'

'The need for abstinence is greater now than ever, since life is more complex and work is done under greater strain.'

'Believing that drinking is a transient caprice, I altogether object to its being stereotyped by municipalization.'

'I ask my fellow workmen to give their leisure hours to sober pleasure, and their treasure to a happier home life.'

'He is a misleader of the working classes who declares that so long as the present economic conditions prevail drunkenness will always prevail.'

'Saint Monday, where it continues to exist, is followed by an increase of accidents on Tuesday, due to the impairment of the faculties through drink.'

'If the people are to occupy the political judgment seat they must be more sober, more thrifty, more wisely temperate than those who now hold power.'

'Drinking in the past is telling on the present generation, and the physical consequences are so obvious that people are being repelled by the results.'

The Use of Tobacco.

The German Government has seriously taken this matter in hand, as smoking is practised by the youth of that country, so that it it has been considered to have damaged their constitutions and incapacitated them for the defence of their country. In certain towns in Germany the police have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offence by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a Belgian physician has found, during a journey of observation and inquiry, made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the too general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which is occasioning increasing anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also upon military efficiency.—'Christian Globe.'

HOUSEHOLD.

A Wedding Hymn.

The Bishop of Ripon, whose daughter was married in Ripon Cathedral recently, composed a special hymn which was sung at the wedding service. It consisted of eight verses; here are four:

Lord, Who has made home love to be
An angel help to us and ours,
Watching in sweet fidelity above
Our weak and cradled hours,
Bless where we love, we humbly pray,
Make strong the love love gives to-day.

They leave us, but they still are Thine
When life with life both intertwine,
Fill Thou then love with life divine—
Father of life be near them!

Thou Who didst smile on love below,
And when the wine of life ran low,
Dids't give a richer, ampler flow—
Great Son of God be near them!

Lord, Who hast wisely willed
That we more of Thyself in life should see,
And makest changing life to be
The unfolding of love's mystery,
Grant that as love and life shall grow,
More of Thy love we still may know.

A Hard Afternoon Made Easy.

By a Relieved Mother.

We all know well enough how simple a matter it is to have an apparently easy task suddenly made hard and wearying by the unexpected happening of some little thing; perhaps it is not as common to have a rough and dreaded path quickly smoothed. Into my life has come, recently, the latter experience, and for the benefit of other mothers I would pass it on.

My little six-year-old had been ill for several days, and, although she was better, the sickness had left her restless and weak. Her mind was as active as ever and demanded constant occupation, so much so that I said to a neighbor who dropped in that morning to inquire for the little invalid, 'I am at my wits' end to find simple employments which will keep the child happy and yet not tire her too much.' And, indeed, as I faced that long afternoon, I felt even at its beginning almost 'at the end of my string.'

But after dinner the door-bell rang and the same neighbor appeared again. She had stopped a moment only on her way to the club, but she left behind her a ray of light which brightened the sick chamber visibly, till the going down of the sun. She brought a note written to the little girl herself, and a pasteboard box filled with pictures—mostly advertisements—cut from old magazines and papers. Her note ran as follows:

Dear Little Friend: I am sorry that you have been sick, but I am very glad you are so much better. I hope you will be quite well by the time Papa gets home.

I send you a pile of pictures and hope you can play with them. See if you can find some presents to give to your friends. Would Papa like an automobile or a boat or a library full of books? Can you find anything for Mary? How would she like a watch or a pen? Can you find a house that you would like and then choose things that you want to put in to it.

I thought perhaps you would like to have a concert, so I have cut out pictures of pianos and organs and some people who can play on them. Can you find some people to go and listen to the music? How many sorts of music can you have, and how many people?

Is there anything here that you can give to a poor sick woman to make her comfortable? A nice easy-chair or couch? Here is some one with cold feet and ragged shoes. What can you find for him?

If you would like to have a story told you about any of these pictures, and Mamma approves, you may pick out three and I will tell you stories about them. Perhaps I could put several pictures into one story if I had time to think how it all happened.

A little more there was, wishing, and helping the child to wish, that all little sick children had as nice a home and as loving parents as she had.

I need make no comments. The note is full of suggestions, which I hope many a mother will make use of, and perhaps find, as I did, an afternoon which had promised to be hard made happy and bright. Soon I realized, with surprise, that the day was over, and that the time had come for little heads to be laid on little pillows for the further blessing of a night's rest.—'Congregationalist.'

It's God, But Mothers Help a Lot.

The words at the head of this article were used by a little boy in quiet, confidential conversation with his mother, on her remarking that 'it is God who makes people good.' 'Y-yes,' he replied, 'I know it's God, but mothers help a lot.' There is much truth in the childish words. God's work in the lives of boys and girls, the whispers of his grace in their tender and susceptible hearts, come very early and very sweetly and effectively, 'but mothers help a lot.' Would that mothers all understood how great their influence, and therefore their responsibility, is.—Exchange.

Another 'Waste Product' Utilized.

A [illegible] successfully in the [illegible] of Southern Colorado, and [illegible] been found capable of [illegible] per cent. of commercial rubber. As [illegible] and [illegible] in combination and [illegible] demand, this new source of [illegible] is [illegible]. A company has been formed at Denver to manufacture rubber from this despised 'rabbit brush,' which proposes to build a large factory for the purpose. Curiously enough, like some other modern discoveries, the knowledge that the Actinella Richardsoni, for that is the scientific name of the plant, contained rubber was the result of accident. A prospector, lost in the hills, chewed some of the root of the plant to sustain life, and found it to contain a rubber-like substance. On getting back to civilization, he made known the fact to others, and this led to chemical experiment, and the founding of a new industry. Probably our Canadian Rockies produce the plant in quantity on their higher slopes. It grows at an altitude of 7,000 to 9,000 feet.—'Christian Guardian.'

Selected Recipes.

SALMON AND POTATO SALAD.—Either fresh boiled or canned salmon can be used. Drain the oil from the salmon, remove bone, skin and fat and flake it with a silver fork. Cut cold boiled potatoes into small, thin pieces, having half as much potato as fish. Slice two hard-boiled eggs. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, then put in a layer of fish, then of potatoes and eggs. Pour over them a little boiled dressing or mayonnaise, then add more fish, potatoes and eggs, covering well with the dressing which may have a flavoring of celery seed or celery extract added.

MUSTARD DRESSING.—Place in a small bowl one teaspoonful dry mustard, quarter teaspoonful salt and dash of pepper and mix smooth with a very little boiling water. Then stir in slowly the beaten yolk of one egg and add, drop by drop, stirring steadily in one direction, half a cup of olive oil and about three tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice. Beat thoroughly and keep in a cold place and it will keep several weeks.

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The Dr. D. M. Bye Co., of Indianapolis, have perfected a combination of oils which act specifically on malignant growths. All forms of cancers and tumors (internal or external), also piles, fistula, skin diseases, etc., successfully treated. Don't trifle with life; write at once for free books giving particulars and indisputable evidence. Address DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 105, Dept. 413, Indianapolis, Ind. (13)

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every Week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and Bleury streets, in the City of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

JUBILEE LETTERS.

Little Bras d'Or, Cape Breton, Feb. 10.

Dear 'Witness,'—I think it is thirty-seven years since I subscribed for you, and almost without interruption have continued to take you ever since; and would say to Mr. John Dougall that I consider the 'Witness' one of the greatest educators that Canada has ever had. It always stands for goodness and purity and righteousness, and may your good paper grow and ever broaden its influence for whatever makes for the prosperity and uprightness of our good country.

C. W. W. MOFFATT.

Sandwick P. O., Comox, B.C., Feb. 7.

Gentlemen,—It is with much pleasure that I send my congratulations, with so many others, on the 'Witness' attaining its Diamond Jubilee. I have been a constant reader and subscriber to the 'Weekly Witness' for nearly thirty years, and would not like to be without it. The great popularity and success of the 'Witness' during those sixty years proves that a newspaper can be published on a high moral plane. Wishing the 'Witness' many more years of usefulness and success. I remain, yours truly,

JOHN MUNDELL.

East Farnham, Que., Feb. 5, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to join in the chorus of congratulations pouring in on the 'Witness' in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Montreal 'Witness.' About forty years ago I went to a neighbor's house to transact some business, where I saw a copy of the 'Witness' lying on the reading table I began to peruse it, and then and there resolved to become a subscriber, and did so at once, and with the exception of one short interruption, have been a continual subscriber, and constant reader and admirer. Meantime I resided twenty-two years in the State of Wisconsin, but the 'Witness' was a constant weekly visitant during all of those years. After my return from Wisconsin to East Farnham, I changed my subscription from the 'Weekly' to the 'Daily Witness.' Long may the Montreal 'Witness' live, flourish and triumph in its beneficent course. Sincerely yours.

JOSHUA BULL.

Evanston, Ill., Feb. 10.

Gentlemen,—A stray number of the 'Weekly' has reached my study table and as I read the congratulatory letters published at this your jubilee time, my mind is carried back full thirty years—perhaps more. Do you remember when you ran a serial story: 'How Roy Went West,' by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry—a temperance story? The writer was a very little girl then, but the temperance story (read aloud by a dear mother) made a deep impression, the first temperance impression made on the young mind. From that time, whenever the growing girl visited a book store or a friend's house she searched for the name of Mrs. S. M. I. Henry among authors—without success. Years passed. The temperance seed had borne fruit. In a small town west of the Mississippi a young woman joined the W. C. T. U. Later he came to Chicago (of which Evanston is a suburb) to a position with the 'Union Signal,' the official organ of the World's and National W. C. T. U. The first work given the tyro journalist was to straighten up a rather demoralized editorial library and the first book the new employee picked up was one by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry! From childhood to womanhood, from Montreal to Chicago, from an early conviction to a life-work—for the ties have never been broken and many years of service in the white-ribbon army hace deepened and ripened that early decision to 'be a temperance woman.' The temperance story has a place in the modern newspaper. Let us have it! Yours, in bonds of many years.

(MRS.) ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

A native of Montreal, Canada.

Shawbridge, Que., Feb. 6.

Dear Sirs,—I am sending five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' We take the 'Daily Witness' and the 'Messenger.' I cannot remember the time when these papers have not come to our home, and we feel that we could not be content without them. Another of your publications I remember when but a little girl, reading with pleasure, 'The New Dominion Monthly.' Please accept our most hearty congratulations; for increased usefulness.

(MRS.) RUFUS CLEARY.

Whitewood, Sask., Feb. 5.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my twenty-third annual subscription for the 'Witness,' I can scarcely think of anything that has not been said, as to the high standing of this grand old weekly. I only regret that more of our Canadian press cannot claim such recognition. As a weekly visitor we value it very much, and trust it may continue to be a power for whatever is good in our fair Dominion. Yours very truly.

M. M. McARTHUR.

Southampton, Feb. 7.

Dear Sirs—To-night your paper did not come and I felt lost without it. I have been getting the 'Witness' for over twenty-five years and I like it very much, and I hope it will continue to go on with its good work from generation to generation. Yours truly,

D. MUNN.

Port au-Pique, N.S., Feb. 5.

Dear Sirs,—I renewed my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' some time ego, also to the 'Northern Messenger.' I take much pleasure in reading them both, and have for a number of years. All the members of the family enjoy the paper very much. Wishing you every success in the future, I remain, Yours truly,

(MRS.) L. DAVIDSON.

Haley's Station, Ont., Feb. 13.

Dear Sirs,—I know that no words of mine will adequately express the value of the 'Witness' to Canada, but I would like to place my tribute of appreciation at its feet with the prayer that you may long be spared to guide its destiny in that channel in which for so many years you have ably and faithfully directed it. Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) P. PERGAN.

Hamilton, Ont., Jan. 8.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to join in the hearty congratulations being tendered the 'Witness' on attaining its Jubilee year, at the same time to express the pleasure and profit that is mine, in reading its up-to-date publication, 'World Wide,' which the kindness of some unknown friend has supplied me with. It is something in this hurrying age to have placed regularly before one ,the best opnions of many men of many minds. Its cartoon number throws a most interesting side light, at once amusing and instructive, on the many questions affecting the general public. In thus helping us 'to see ourselves as ithers see us' there is great hope for the moral and other reforms, so earnestly desired by the pure philanthropist. I am yours for King and Empire.

CLEMENTINE FESSENDEN.

THE 'WITNESS' NEW SERIAL STORY

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

that the 'Witness' has been most fortunate in securing for the benefit of its readers the exclusive Canadian rights of the new story entitled 'Saints in Society.'

SAINTS IN SOCIETY

This story has most deservedly just won the first prize in the first novel competition of one of the world's leading book publishers. Besides being exceedingly brilliant and witty, a truly ideal newspaper serial, it will appeal strongly to women everywhere in all walks of life—alike those that are in the whirl of society, and to those who, holding themselves apart, are yet interested in its struggles and problems. Nor will the interest be confined to the women, for the strong picture of the English labor leader and the men who back him in his upward struggle is of special interest just now, and the whole influence of the story will be for good.

As this great story has cost the 'Witness' a good deal, we desire that as many as possible may enjoy it.

X SPECIAL RATES TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

For four months, beginning with issue containing the first chapter of the new story, the 'Weekly Witness' will be sent for only 25 cents. Tell your friends that this is their opportunity to read a good story and have the advantages of a good newspaper for a short time for a nominal price. Subscriptions at this rate should be distinctly labelled 'Serial Story Rate,' and are only available for NEW subscribers.

Probably, if you cut out and hand the following letter to one of your friends a subscription will result:—

Publishers of the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead':

I have not been taking the 'Witness,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for four months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled 'Saints in Society.' I enclose 25 cents.

Name of new subscriber .. ..

Address .. ..

NEW STORY COUPON.

The publishers of the 'Messenger' have been most fortunate in securing the New Serial Story that has just finished running in the S.S. Times and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

Sunday Schools that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of five cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

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SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00**, three of whom must be new subscribers.

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SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $2.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50c extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Note—Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.—Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

'It Seems a Pity.'

It's such a very little while
That any stays
It seems a pity not to smile
Through all the days.

At best our joys are all so brief
It seems too bad
That anyone will borrow grief
Who might be glad.

So many with small aid, O friend,
Might rise and stand,
It seems a pity not to lend
A helping hand.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago 'Record-Herald.'

Finical Appetites.

A duty which every mother owes to herself and to society is to train her child to follow the doctrine of St. Paul and 'eat what is set before him.' How disagreeable is the finical, notional eater many a housekeeper will testify. One man makes miserable the woman at whose house he chances to visit by his inability to eat half of the dishes that are set before him. It is not that certain viands disagree with him, but simply that he does 'not care for them.' Such are tomatoes, raw or cooked, fish in any form, potatoes (unless they are mashed), fruits of all kinds, except peaches, and hot puddings of every variety. Another man cannot eat soups, while a third woman 'never tastes a salad.' The trouble with all these people undoubtedly originated in their early training. In too many families the small people are allowed to declare that they don't like this' and 'won't eat that,' and are humored in their whims. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to hear a mother speak with ill-concealed pride of the fastidious appetites of her children. In treating their whims as matters of importance she is laying on her own shoulders a heavy burden, under which she may some day mean that 'it is impossible to suit her family, try as she may.'

Unless a child is made ill by a certain ar-

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15th Week ENDING FEBRUARY 17, *90th Bible*

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' Read the above special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given away each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, February 17.

Monday, Feb. 12.—J. D. McKay, Truro, N.S...	$6.75
Tuesday, Feb. 13.—Geo. Hunter, Arthur, Ont...	2.80
Wednesday, Feb. 14.—Mrs. E. M. Henderson, London, Ont..	11.90
Thursday, Feb. 15.—D. Ross, P. M., Watford, Ont.	4.75
Friday, Feb. 16.—Jas. Fraser, Vernon, Ont...	9.25
Saturday, Feb. 16.—Postmaster, Maritana, Que..	6.55

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscriber next week? for conditions see "Special Diamond Jubilee Offers" above.

Caintown, Ont., Feb. 15.

Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the beautiful Bible which you sent me. It is one of the finest I have ever seen. Thanking you again, and wishing you every success, I remain, yours very truly,

V. L. GIBSON.

Howick, Que., Feb. 16.

Dear Sirs,—Your gift of the red letter Bible came duly to hand, for which I am very much obliged. It was a very agreeable surprise to me. I wish to say that I have been a subscriber to the 'Witness' for the last forty-seven years.

Yours truly,

GEO. McCLENAGHAN.

Woodbridge, Feb. 17.

Dear Sirs,—I received your beautiful Bible on the 14th inst., and am very much pleased with it. Wishing you every success, I am, yours sincerely,

JANET CLARK.

ticle of food, he should be encouraged to eat it, and his failure to enjoy it at once should be deplored, not praised. A six-year-old who had many whims and notions paid a visit to a grandmother who was wise in her generation. The dessert at his first meal in the grand-maternal abode chanced to be strawberries. He shook his head as a saucer of the sugared fruit was placed before him.

'I don't want these, grandma,' he said.

'Very well, dear,' was the reply, and no further notice was taken of the declinature.

The child continued to eye distastefully the saucer of berries, and soon remarked—

'Grandma, I'm tired of strawberries.'

'Yes, dear,' was the only answer.

'Grandma, aren't you going to give me any dessert instead of these?'

'No, dear, of course not,' gently, but firmly.

'Not even a piece of cake?'

'Not even a piece of cake.'

'Then,' with a sorry attempt at a laugh, 'I suppose I'll have to eat my berries!'

Which he proceeded to do with such zest that the sugared lobes disappeared like snowballs before a July sun. Evidently grandma was not to be tricked and coerced as was mamma.

Among the forbidden speeches at table should be, 'I do not like that.' And if, from any personal idiosyncrasy, a child is really unable to eat a certain dish, in which others indulge with impunity, he may be trained to pass the fact by in silence, and to feel that his peculiarity is a misfortune, not a virtue. —'Table Talk.'

OUR MAIL BAG.

London, Ont., Feb. 15, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—This is my thirtieth club list to the faithful old 'Witness.' Every year with new names. Never as many as I would like, for I would like to see it in every home in the Dominion, $11.90 enclosed. 'OLD FRIEND.'

Nanticoke, Ont., Feb. 8, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I had hoped to find more than three new subscribers to the 'Witness,' but glad I have those few. The letters of congratulation you have received have been very pleasing to your readers, as well as to you. I hope the 'Witness' may ever have a Dougall as its editor, so unrightness shall ever have a champion, and wrong an enemy.

Yours very faithfully,
MARY WIEDRICH.

Treadwell, Ont., Feb. 15, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I herewith enclose Postal Note for $2.00. With reference to your request for an increased subscription list, I have written to some and button-holed others, and have already succeeded in adding two new names this year to your list.

Although not old enough to talk of the early days of the 'Witness,' I can at least say; that the 'Witness' was probably the first paper I became acquainted with, and I am thankful that a very kind father, ever solicitous for my highest welfare, guided me into such company. Referring again to the praise showered upon the 'Witness,' underneath all the splash and eddying of the cataract, there is some steady current in one direction and no person or paper can lean persistently to the right, heedless of the brawling and unreasoning throng, without a controlling influence.

After all, the best is your fidelity to the principles of unselfishness. In these days of the 'itching palm' when from bootblack to senator, 'graft' is the word, until we almost think it right, it is more than pleasing to put the hand on something that gives graft and selfishness the lie.

Judging from the deluge of kindly and appreciative letters sweeping down on the 'Witness' just now you will give scant heed to the little I can do, but I am adding two subscribers to the list all the same. I want to show in this way my appreciation of the 'Witness' in this its Diamond Jubilee year.

Accept my heartiest thanks for your efforts to better my home, and my country, and may you long wield your great influence in that direction.

Yours truly,
GORDON L. LAMB.

Chapter I. What Leading Journalists Have Said.
" II. " " Ministers Have Said.
" III. " " Educationists Have Said.

II.—What Statesmen are Saying—

SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
Prime Minister's Office, Ottawa.

Personally, it has always been a source of high gratification to me when the 'Witness' found it consistent with its conception of public duty to support me on the different subjects of public policy with which I have had to deal.

On the other hand, whenever the 'Witness' differed from me, and thought me in the wrong, its criticisms derived all the greater force from my intimate conviction that they were inspired by that same sense of publicduty.

R. L. BORDEN, ESQ., M.P.,
House of Commons, Ottawa.

The responsibilities of a public journal are not less than those of a public man. In fulfilling these, the 'Witness' has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of courage and sincerity. It has always aimed to uplift the standard of journalism in this country.

THE HON. R. DANDURAND,
Speaker of the Senate of Canada, Ottawa.

'The "Witness" has always been more than a newspaper. It has striven to educate and ennoble. Upon all questions its sincerity has never been doubted. Is not sincerity the highest-prized virtue in public men?

SIR H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE,
Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

I wish to pay a debt of gratitude for the encouragement and support received by me from the 'Witness,' in 1878 and 1879, when, as Prime Minister of Quebec, I was engaged in a hard struggle for what I considered the good of the province. How often I felt cheered and encouraged by its disinterested support, for it was then, as it has always been since, an independent paper.

THE HON. LOMER GOUIN,
Premier of the Province of Quebec, Montreal.

The influence of the 'Witness' is considerable,and my wish is that it may continue to progress and advance, as your policy of integrity and public spiritedness so long and so persistently followed, is deserving of general commendation.

HON. SENATOR EDWARDS,
Rockland, Ont.

Having been a constant reader of the 'Witness' since my childhood, I congratulate you in the strongest terms on your constant advocacy of a sound fiscal system.

Of all the papers I read there are none whose economic and financial articles I read with greater pleasure and profit than those of the Montreal 'Witness.'

THE HON. W. A. WIER, K.C., M.P.P.,
Speaker of the Quebec Legislature.

The 'Witness' was the first newspaper I ever saw, and was as much esteemed in my father's home, as it is now in mine. It is irrevocably linked with my early memories, and commands my esteem and affection.

H. B. AMES, M.P.,

The 'Witness' has always stood for that which is clean in journalism, and has been a notable example of independence in advocating, cost what it might, the conscientious beliefs of those connected with it.

F. D. MONK, K.C., M.P.,

The 'Witness' has always been fearless and frank in the defence of its views on all public questions. In many instances it has rendered signal service to the people by its advocacy of what is right and honest. With its extensive circulation and select class of readers the 'Witness' can do much to weld us all together as good Canadians.

MR. R. BICKERDIKE, M.P.,
Montreal.

I have been a constant reader of the 'Witness' since the year 1860, have admired the high ideals the 'Witness' has always maintained. In this money-grabbing age, it has often suffered financially in order to uphold its principles.

What do you think of it?

What avails such opinions unless you also have become a subscriber? The following coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions in celebration of our Diamond Jubilee year.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only **50** cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the **'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD'** to January 1st, 1907, by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal
Dear Sirs—As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness' before, nor have any with others who did take it during the last two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead, to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona-fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those who cannot complete the 'Messenger' club required for any of the following premiums may still secure the premium desired by sending what 'Messenger' subscriptions they have taken at forty cents each, and 25 cents additional cash, instead of every subscription they are short of the required number. Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who sends $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture — and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $1.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers.

OUTFIT NO. 2—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope, will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number send 25c each. Thus, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under 3 pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive, in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains, and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and at many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, postpaid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET, consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each